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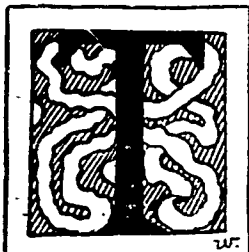
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No. 25.



HON. CHARLES J. BONAPARTE,
LAETARE MEDALIST, 1903.

Laetare Medalist 1903.



HE Hon. Charles J. Bonaparte, lawyer and philanthropist, of Baltimore, Maryland, is this year the recipient of a gift that carries with it the highest honor which Notre Dame University can confer. This unique expression of esteem is known as the Laetare Medal, and is bestowed annually on some lay Catholic who has rendered special service to religion and humanity.

The Catholic Church uses every means to foster and reward virtue. A long line of illustrious men and women who have lived, fought and died in her defence have their names enshrined in her ritual, and she points to their lives as examples for her living children to follow. Even in this life such servants are not without tokens of her esteem. On her distinguished clerics she is wont to confer marked appreciation for their sanctity, learning, zeal or sacrifice in the cause of religion. Nor does she fail to give public recognition to her lay members whom she seeks to reward in proportion to their merit. One of her choicest distinctions for a Catholic layman or woman is the "Golden Rose" which the Pope bestows from time to time on the European whom he deems the most deserving. The "Golden Rose" is blessed on the mid-Sunday of Lent, and its formal conferring is accompanied by a benediction which in early times was conveyed in the following beautiful words: "Receive from our hands this rose, beloved son, who, according to the world, art noble, valiant and endowed with great prowess, that you may be still more ennobled by every virtue from Christ, as a rose planted near the streams of many waters; and may this grace be bestowed on you in the overflowing clemency of Him who liveth and reigneth, world without end. Amen."

The granting of the Laetare Medal by the Trustees of Notre Dame University was inspired, no doubt, by this practice of the Sovereign Pontiffs. For the last twenty years it has been most judiciously awarded, and has always been regarded by the Catholic laity as the highest appreciation of religious and civic worth. As a member of the Church Triumphant is honored in the calendar of the saints, so does Notre Dame seek to honor a hero of the Church Militant. Believing

that her efforts in the uplifting of humanity should not be confined to her academic halls, she flashes her cresset across the path of some eminent laic, encourages him with her approval and points to him as a worthy model for Catholic youth.

The medal receives its name from the day on which it is bestowed, Laetare Sunday, when the Church, conscious of the weakness of her children who have passed through the first half of the penitential season, cheers them with a foregleam of the Resurrection and urges them to persevere on their journey. For a little while her altars are again decorated, she turns from grief to exultation, and begins the Introit of the Mass with "Laetare" which means "Rejoice." Hence the words "Laetare Medal" on the bar from which the disk of gold depends. The latter is of the finest workmanship and has inscribed on one side, *Magna est veritas et prevalebit*, while on the other side appear the names of the University and of the recipient. The reasons for the presentation of the medal are set forth in an accompanying address, richly framed and printed on silk. Those who have been favored with this mark of esteem are among the very flower of the American Catholic laity, as is evident from the following list: Dr. John Gilmary Shea, historian; Patrick J. Keeley, architect; Eliza Allen Starr, art critic; General John Newton, civil engineer; Patrick V. Hickey, editor; Anna Hanson Dorsey, novelist; William J. Onahan, publicist; Daniel Dougherty, orator; Major Henry T. Brownson, soldier and scholar; Patrick Donahue, editor; Augustin Daly, theatrical manager; Anna T. Sadlier, author; William Starke Rosecrans, soldier; Dr. Thomas A. Emmet, physician; Hon. Timothy Howard, jurist; Mary Gwendolen Caldwell, philanthropist; John A. Creighton, philanthropist; William Bourke Cockran, lawyer and orator; Dr. John Benjamin Murphy, surgeon;—all distinguished in their respective callings, of high intellectual attainments, and exemplary Catholics. Needless to say, the gentleman selected by Notre Dame for the honor this year has well deserved his place in this group of brilliant men and women.

Charles J. Bonaparte, the second son of Jerome Napoleon Bonaparte and Susan May Williams, was born in Baltimore, Maryland, June the 9th, 1851. He received his early education at a boarding school, and later, prepared himself under private tutors for

Harvard University which he entered as a junior, and from which he was graduated in the art course in 1871. He pursued his studies there for one year as a resident graduate, and in 1874 concluded his law course at the same University. Besides the degrees conferred by Harvard, he is a Doctor of Laws of St. Mary's College and Hobart College. In September, 1874, he was admitted to the Bar of Maryland in the Circuit Court of Howard County. He was married September 1, 1875, to Ellen Channing Day, daughter of Thomas Day of Hartford, Connecticut, and has since resided in Baltimore City where he has practised his profession.

Throughout his active career he has been prominently identified in public movements and charitable organizations. At present he is one of the Trustees of the Catholic Cathedral of Baltimore, Protector of Saint Mary's Female Orphan Asylum, Trustee of Saint Mary's Industrial School for Boys, Trustee of the Enoch Pratt Free Library, Overseer of Harvard University, and one of the United States' Indian Commissioners. He has been more or less prominent in the work of the National Civil Service Reform League, and a noted figure in the Society for the Suppression of Vice. He has a very fluent pen as appears from his numerous essays, charming addresses, and magazine articles. In the proceedings of the American Catholic Congress, held in Baltimore in 1889, he took a prominent part, reverting to which, the Milwaukee *Catholic Citizen* of a recent issue remarks: "Many obstacles arose before the Committee on Papers concerning not only those who were selected to prepare and deliver them, but more particularly upon the subjects, while the one around which centred the greatest difficulty of all, that of the 'Independence of the Holy See' was specially committed to the care of the Hon. Charles J. Bonaparte of Baltimore, who delivered one of the most eloquent, forcible and telling speeches of the entire meeting. He was the personal selection for the handling of this subject by Cardinal Gibbons, and while this paper was most temperate, it was so strong, so dramatic, so aggressive and so suggestive historically (a Napoleon defending the temporal power of the Pope) that it satisfied even the most extreme on the question."

Hon. Charles J. Bonaparte is the bearer of an historic name, the possessor of talents of a high order which he has ever generously

exerted in the interests of religion and for the public good. In honoring him Notre Dame honors herself and reflects the sentiments of all Catholics, clerical as well as lay, who appreciate the sterling worth of this scholar and philanthropist; and the University may justly point to him as a model citizen of the two greatest republics in the world—the Catholic Church and the United States.

P. J. M. '03.

The Great Chase.

J. L. CARRICO, '03.

Many are the tales of daring told in the detailed history of the Civil War—that great struggle during which courage did nearly everything that courage can do. One of these is the "Georgia Locomotive Chase," and one that needs no touch of fiction to render it interesting. It is one, too, that either Northerner or Southerner may take pride in relating.

It was in the month of April, and the second year of the struggle. General O. M. Mitchell, Unionist, held Huntsville and a few other points in northern Alabama. But the Confederates held Georgia to a town. General Mitchell wished to break up, if possible, the Georgia State Railroad between Chattanooga and Atlanta, whereby he might cut off the rebels from their supplies on the north, and gain other important advantages against the strong army in Georgia. Numerous plans were advised by his officers and soldiers, but General Mitchell accepted that projected by one John Andrews, a Kentuckian, engaged in the secret service. Andrews proposed to take a score of men, penetrate to the centre of Georgia, seize a locomotive and fly northward destroying as much of the road as possible after him.

Andrews was permitted to choose his men. He took another Kentuckian, and from two Ohio regiments twenty-two men upon whose courage and fidelity he knew he could rely in any circumstance. None but the leader, however, knew the purpose of the expedition. He distributed seven hundred dollars of confederate money among them, informing them that the man who should show any sign of drink or of cowardice would be promptly shot. They dressed in citizen's clothes and left camp in parties of two or three by different routes, but all bound for Chattanooga

where they were to unite. The afternoon of April the 11th found twenty-two of them gathered in the State Depot at Chattanooga. That evening they bought tickets for Marietta and boarded the train for Atlanta. They reached Marietta about midnight, and at sunrise took the return train for Chattanooga.

This train was carrying, besides ordinary passengers, a number of soldiers and a safe of money to the army at Corinth, Mississippi. The train stopped customarily at Big Shanty, a station not far from Marietta, in order to allow crew and passengers time to breakfast. It may be of interest to note that but a short distance across the railroad from the Big Shanty depot was a camp of twenty thousand Confederates. This morning the train drew in on time and halted as usual. The passengers, train officials, generals—all went crowding into the hotel restaurant near by for breakfast.

The conspirators had attracted no attention whatever, and it was here that Andrews told his men what they had come for. A few minutes later they might have been seen standing in groups of three or four on either side of the foremost cars. One, an engineer by profession, sauntered up to the locomotive. The leader stood at the end of the third coach. The engineer finding everything apparently in order turned to Andrews. The latter signalled "All aboard," at the same time drawing the coupling-pin between the third and fourth coaches. The engineer had already climbed into the cab and opened the throttle, and in less than half the time it takes to tell it half the train was speeding away almost with bounds in response to the rapid, deafening puffs from the locomotive.

One may guess the surprise of the trainmen as they poured out of the restaurant to see a portion of their train rounding the curve at high speed. They surmised at once that it could be nothing less than the work of some daring Yankees.

When the thieves were well around the curve and out of sight they stopped their train. Andrews had two or three of them to climb telegraph poles and cut the wires in order to prevent communications between Big Shanty and the stations ahead. This done they boarded again and hurried off. After a run of two or three minutes they stopped again and tore up several rails from the track. So far Andrews had found everything as successful as he could wish it. But the time of trouble had not come. According to the

schedule at Big Shanty he should meet but one train, but the fact was he must meet three; two of them running in extra service. He was soon compelled to switch and wait some thirty minutes for the scheduled freight. When that train arrived the engineer came forward and demanded an explanation of such irregularity. Andrews quietly informed him that his train was a special carrying money to General Beauregard, and that his crew had been engaged for this run. He convinced him by pointing to the large iron safe in the baggage coach. But Andrews was not glad to hear in turn that he must make good time in order to reach the next station before another train had left, and that he would meet another not many miles behind that one.

With a fresh supply of fuel the fugitives started again. It was a desperate drive they made to the next station. They thundered over the whole way at a rate of nearly sixty miles an hour. The engine and cars swayed and swung over the rises and around the curves as though they had as soon leave the track as keep it. None but a desperate band could have risked it over that rough road.

They reached Cartersville in good time. Andrews entered the telegraph-office and was told by the agent that he must wait as a train had already left the next station, and that another was but two stations behind. Andrews walked over and took possession of the keyboard, despite the strenuous protest of the agent. He explained that he had money and messages for General Beauregard which must not be delayed. The agent had to submit. Andrews ordered that the second freight train be switched at the first place it reached, and the switch closed for a through express. As he finished, the first train blew for Cartersville. No sooner had the last car passed the mouth of their side track than the fugitives were away again. They made frequent stops to tear up the track and cut the wires. The ties that were torn up were carried aboard for hard times. They filled the rear car with wood, set it afire and left it standing on a bridge.

But let us return to the scene of embarrassment at Big Shanty. As we have said, the people there were not long in conjecturing what had happened. Moreover, some of the soldiers had seen the men board the train as it left. The engineer hurried to the telegraph office, but he soon found that the line had been broken. He and his fireman then started

up the railroad afoot—a seemingly poor prospect of overtaking a train that was covering a mile every minute. The passengers laughed, but the two men were in dead earnest. They ran the ties about a couple of miles, and came upon a crew of track hands with a hand-car. After a hasty explanation they obtained use of the car and the aid of the workmen. Even this was not fast travelling, but it was a decided improvement over walking. They were moving along as best they could when they reached a place where the track had been destroyed. All hands joined, took up their car and carried it over to where the track was good.

They finally reached Etowah Junction, and here found a train that had just run in from a branch road. The locomotive was one of the oldest on the line, and was familiarly known by all the hands of the road as "Old Yonah." The veteran engine was detached, run upon the main track, and in a few seconds she went wabbling down the road in a cloud of steam. When they reached Kingston they were elated to find that they were only twenty minutes behind the runaways. "Yonah" was exchanged for an engine of the Pine Branch, and the pursuit was continued. Once more they were compelled to stop because they had no track, and once more the engineer and his fireman started on foot. When near Adamsville they met a freight train. They had it backed to the station, switched the cars, and then ran the engine backwards to Calhoun. Here they turned, took aboard a band of armed volunteers, a number of track repairers and a telegraph operator. Soon after leaving Calhoun they caught sight of the stolen train, and thence began the real chase. The fugitives had stopped, were oiling their overheated engine and destroying the track. They hastily climbed aboard and were away carrying the detached rails with them. When the pursuers reached the torn places they took up the rails behind them, laid them in front and passed their engine carefully over them to the firm track.

Meanwhile Andrews had gained enough to give him time to make another breach. Thus was the chase kept up, with sudden stops and short runs of reckless speed through Resaca, Tipton, and into Dalton. Here the rear party slowed enough to land their operator, that he might have the runaways stopped in Chattanooga in case they were not caught before they got there. Andrews foresaw this possi-

bility. He threw heavy ties upon the road from his rear coach to retard the pursuers, and then stopped almost in front of a confederate camp to cut the wires. But the operator's message had already passed over. A little farther on they cut a telegraph pole and fastened it across the track. The men behind removed it almost as quickly as it had been placed. The leaders soon darted into the dark passage through Tunnell Hill, and in less than half a minute their pursuers were after them. When both trains had emerged it was obvious that the distance between them was lessening. Andrews now uncoupled his two remaining coaches and left them standing on the track. The engineer behind coupled them to his front and pushed them ahead to the nearest side track. After this Andrews and his men began to perceive that they were losing fast, and they could not hope to reach Chattanooga. Their fuel and oil had given out, portions of their engine were actually melting, and there was certainly no time for repairs. The engineer closed the throttle, and all sprang to the ground and scattered into the woods. But they were in their enemy's country, and all were eventually taken.

An historian has observed that these fearless men seem to have undertaken to carry out their scheme on the only day that its execution was not possible, and we think it might be added that the dauntless engineer and fireman of the Georgia road were the only men that could have prevented its execution even on that day.

A Bit of Nature.

FRANCIS T. MAHER.

The garden gate creaked on its rusty hinges, and a man slouched into the back yard. One could see at a glance that he was a tramp. His eyes were bleared, his hair was shaggy, and his beard was long and unkempt. His soiled clothing was torn in many places. Though he was of small stature and his step uncertain, it was evident that he had been a stout and active man before he had surrendered self-respect for dissipation. His whole appearance bespoke the brute rather than the human being.

With a slouching step the tramp approached the house and knocked heavily at the door. A lady appeared and asked him what he wanted. In a gruff voice he demanded

something to eat; anything would do for him he said. The lady quickly prepared a plate of food, and when she returned to the door her little four-year old boy was clinging to her dress. The tramp eagerly snatched the food, then, noticing the little boy's gaze of mingled fear and surprise, his sullen countenance softened, and he muttered an almost inaudible "thanks." The lady returned to her work in the kitchen, but the little boy remained standing in the open doorway watching the tramp as he greedily devoured the bread and cold meat. Every few minutes the tramp would stealthily peep up at the little fellow, then with a look of shame and regret stealing over his countenance would as swiftly withdraw his gaze. Suddenly the child turned and went back into the room. Then the tramp with a sigh gulped down the last bit of food, thrust his hands deep into his pockets and slouched down the garden walk.

He had taken perhaps a dozen steps when he felt some one tugging at his coat. He looked around and saw the little fellow holding in his hand a much-worn ten-cent piece. "Here, poor man," said the boy, "here's my dime, and it's for you."

The tramp stood speechless for a moment, then gasped in a husky voice, "Thanks, youngster."

He lifted the little fellow from the ground and gave him a hearty hug, and slyly slipped the ten-cent piece into the little jacket pocket. Then putting the child down and roughly drawing his hand across his forehead as if to suppress some unwelcome thought which sought to force itself upon him, he resumed his walk. Once again the garden gate creaked on its rusty hinges, and the tramp again slouched on his way.

The Story of the Gael.*

PATRICK MACDONOUGH, 1903.

To-day we celebrate the national festival of Ireland, a country whose name is associated with the land of song, the home of brave men and virtuous women, the hearthstone upon which God's Faith, once kindled, has never been extinguished. Her past is full of sadness and of suffering, but withal the most

glorious that any nation has ever known.

Let us travel in spirit over a thousand miles of land and a thousand leagues of sea, and visit this country whose story is recited to-day in every land beneath the sun. We shall find no great expanse of territory, no haughty empire, no glorious republic—only a small island set in the verge of the Atlantic off the western coast of Europe. Its area is only thirty-two thousand square miles, and its population little more than four millions. Yet this country so small and apparently so insignificant, has exercised a more enduring influence on humanity than the greatest and mightiest nations of antiquity.

History tells us that we are indebted to Greece for art and literature, to Rome for laws and forms of government, but we seldom read that we are indebted to Ireland for anything. The influence of Ireland, however, has been far more beneficial than that wrought by Grecian letters or Roman arms, for the Irish race have been instrumental in spreading Christianity over half the world.

Let us glance rapidly over the history of Ireland, and see how Ireland, herself, received this Christianity and how she has preserved it. The narrative is full of interest and is inseparably associated with the festival of to-day. It is a story of deeds the most heroic, of devotion the most enduring, of fortitude the most sublime.

We have to travel far into the past to trace the origin of the Irish race as a separate and independent people. We learn from tradition that long before the birth of Christ the Milesians had set out from their home in the East to discover the "isle of destiny." A prophet had told them that they were to inhabit an island which they should find in the track of the setting sun, and with sublime faith in his prophecy they began the quest. They reached southern Europe and passed from land to land over unknown routes and through the midst of hostile tribes. Days, months, years passed, and still they continued their journey, looking toward each glorious sunset undismayed. They embarked from Spain, and probably borne by the Gulf Stream current, they unconsciously sailed northward. We may reasonably conjecture that in their rude crafts they sailed many days before sighting land. Often must they have gathered on deck wistfully gazing along the burnished track to discern the promised isle. At length their perseverance was rewarded. They beheld

* Paper read at a meeting of the Columbian Literary Society, held March 17.

on the horizon "a sparkle of radiant green," and "the isle they had seen in dreams" was at last a reality. Thus was Ireland discovered by the Milesians. What a splendid example these simple, heroic people have given and how well they prefigured the future of their race—never faltering in their purpose, always pushing onward, ever following the light.

And now we come to deal with their manners and customs in this new land that was to be theirs forever. We are not to suppose that these Milesians were a savage and uncultured people. On the contrary, historians tell us that pagan though they were, they soon became highly civilized. They summoned parliaments, made laws, encouraged learning, and excelled in the arts, in science and commerce. They had an intense love for music, and they held honor and virtue in high esteem. Their religion was pagan, but it was the highest form of paganism. Unlike other nations of the time, as Father Burke observes, "their reasons more elevated, stooped not to idols of stick or stone but worshipped the sun, God's grandest work." But they were destined to behold the light of a thousand suns in the dawn of Christianity, and this was to be ushered in by Saint Patrick, a name forever dear to the Irish heart.

Patrick was a young Christian slave captured on the shores of Gaul and condemned to serfdom in Ulster. Acting on divine impulse he fled to France where he studied for the priesthood. He was ordained priest, became bishop, and in the year 432 was sent by Pope Celestine to make Ireland a Christian land. Soon after his arrival he went to Tara where the chiefs and druids were assembled, and there proclaimed to them the doctrines of the Catholic Church. His audience was intelligent, reverent and susceptible of religious truth, but there was one vital tenet they could not readily accept—the mystery of the Blessed Trinity. To overcome this difficulty, Saint Patrick plucked a sprig of trefoil or shamrock and holding it aloft drew their attention to the three symmetrical leaves on one stem, and thus illustrated the doctrine he was trying to teach. Immediately all doubt was set aside; the assembled multitude saw, listened, believed; and so it is that the shamrock has become Ireland's national emblem, destined forever to remind the Irish Celt of all that is dear and near to him—his faith and kindred and country.

We have now reached the most memorable

epoch in Irish history, the transition from paganism to Christianity. The words of truth sown by Saint Patrick produced fruit a hundredfold. Princes and chiefs exchanged the sword and battle-axe for the cross; churches were built; religious institutions flourished throughout the island; universities were founded, and the great and the noble from other lands visited Ireland to partake of knowledge at those fountains of sanctity and truth. So great had Ireland's fame grown that from the sixth to the eighth century she was known all over Europe as the Island of Saints and of Scholars. This, too, was the springtime of her missionary activity. Her zealous monks preached the Catholic faith in Flanders, Germany and Italy. Truly this was Ireland's golden age; this was the zenith of her national splendor.

But the noonday of Ireland's glory was soon to be clouded. The fierce Dane and Norseman poured down and ravaged Irish towns and cities; they plundered churches and monasteries and desecrated what they could not carry away or destroy. In the early part of the eleventh century they made one supreme effort to establish themselves forever on Irish soil. A great flotilla was fitted out which bore warriors from every Danish colony and settlement, and this fleet of pirates landed at Dublin. Ireland, however, was not Normandy or England. Her clans, led by the valiant Brian, marched against the Danish forces and overthrew them at Clontarf on Good Friday, 1014. Ireland's independence was again secure, but she was not destined to enjoy that independence long.

Ireland had not recovered from her struggle with the Danes when the perfidy of a native chief invited the English to her shores. The seven centuries that follow are the darkest, the most terrible, through which any nation has ever lived. The Irish were robbed of their lands, their schools burned, their churches plundered; in short, all but their faith overthrown. The persecution was increased with the coming of Cromwell. This arch-tyrant gave no quarter: he slaughtered the maid and the mother, the child and the grandsire. Thousands of young boys and girls were torn from their parents and shipped as slaves to the British colonies. A price was set on the head of every priest: it was death to be found celebrating Mass. The visitor to Ireland may see in many a lonely glen the stone slab or rocky ledge whereon the hunted priest offered up the Mass

and around which the faithful flock knelt in worship and adoration. But all this persecution was of no avail. The faith that Saint Patrick planted was not to be uprooted by any human agency. It has outlived the storms and vicissitudes of centuries, and please God, it will always be fostered by the Irish race.

We are not, however, to suppose that during all this oppression and misrule the Irish remained passive or inactive. On the contrary, they offered a heroic though futile resistance. Looking down Ireland's pathway of suffering and desolation we can view the glorious victories of Benburb, the Yellow Ford, and the Curliews; we can behold how Irish valor kept the bridge at Athlone and defended Limerick's storied walls; we can point to the brilliant achievements of the Irish abroad—to Cremona, Ramilles and Fontenoy; to Landen Plain, where the gallant Sarsfield fell, leading a victorious charge. Opposed by a powerful, well-equipped and merciless enemy, the Irish fought bravely and fought well; they were defeated, but they were not disgraced; they were overcome, but they have never been subdued.

How Ireland has fared during the last two centuries is well known to every impartial student of history. Overrun by a brutal and licentious soldiery, her people goaded to rebellion, robbed of their homes and their parliament, driven in millions from their native land, those that remained denied the rights of education, taxed beyond endurance, the victims of rapacious landlords—these are some of the beneficent effects of British rule. Is it any wonder that Ireland is depopulated, that millions of her people have fled to other lands, particularly to this great republic of the United States? But the majority of this great fugitive host have not been wholly lost to Ireland. Not in vain was the mountain Mass celebrated, not in vain had Irish grand-sires fought and bled, not in vain had Irish mothers wept and hoped and prayed. These exiles established anew the fame of Ireland's valor and virtue; they remained true to the faith of Saint Patrick, and they loved Ireland with a devotion which not time, nor distance, nor disillusion could ever destroy.

It should not be a surprise that in the United States not only those of Irish birth and descent observe Ireland's national festival, but that many other American citizens participate in its celebration. If we investigate we shall find that Irishmen and the sons of

Irishmen played no little part in early American history. They gladly subscribed their names to the Declaration of Independence and offered up their lives and treasure in its defence. They proved their devotion and heroism in every gory engagement from Lexington to Yorktown, and in the war of 1812 their record is no less glorious. In the Pennsylvania and Massachusetts muster-rolls of those days, more than every alternate name is Irish, while that of New York sounds like the roll-call of some Irish town. Even a loyalist member of the Pennsylvania assembly testified, in reply to a question put by Edmund Burke, that one-half of Washington's army were Irish; and George Washington Park Curtis states that until the coming of the French, Ireland had furnished soldiers in the ratio of one hundred to one of any other nation. Ireland has contributed largely to the stability of this great republic; she has given a host of valiant soldiers, many able statesmen and millions of useful citizens. More important still, perhaps, she has given thousands of men and women consecrated to God who have labored in the cause of religion, and by their efforts and example, have made American life purer, better, nobler. We at Notre Dame have particular reason to acknowledge this fact, for many of the religious here, whose self-sacrificing life we honor, were born in that dear old land beyond the sea.

In commemorating the feast of St. Patrick, the Irish race the world over have just cause for rejoicing. They may well celebrate their achievements, above all, their acceptance of that Faith which is their dearest possession. To-day is much more to them than the mere occasion for the recital of departed glories. As a people they have not deteriorated. They have strong limbs and stout hearts, and from their small island home they have gone forth in millions. As has been well said:

"They have sailed over every ocean,
They have lived under every star,
And the world's cold faith and devotion
Grow warmer wherever they are.
The cottage they've built on the prairie,
The church they have raised on the wild,
And around the whole world 'Hail Mary'
Is lisped by an Irishman's child."

To "The Story of the Gael," told in every land, will be added a new page on each St. Patrick's Day: may the record redound to the "glory of God and the honor of Erin."

Varsity Verse.

INDIANY.

I WUZ born in Indiany where the flowers drip with dew,
Where the people 'at you mingle with is allers kind an' true;
I'm a "Hoosier," le' me tell you an' I'm proud to bear the name,
Fer our banner's stamped with "liberty," an's sure to lead to fame.

You ken blöw about Kentucky er yer sunny Tennessee,
An' ken live there ef yer want to, but the "Hoosier" state fer me;
Why there ain't no state 'round anywhere 'at's bigger fer her size,
An' she certainly is brimmin' full o' business enterprise.
Yes, I've seen the deep Missouri gushin' forth with foam and trash,
But there ain't no stream existin' 'at'll beat the old "Wabash."
An' I've ben in ever' city clean from Washington to Maine,
But I've never run acrost one yet what beats our own "Fort Wayne!"

Seems birds sing sweeter in our state than in any other.
Guess it's 'cause they're better birds e'rt maybe 'cause they'd ruther;

O my heart is set a hummin' like the buzzin' o' the bees,
When I hear the tunes o' robins floatin' down from out the trees.

You ken allers tell a "Hoosier" lad by lookin' in his face,
Seems he's kind o' full o' "Hoosierdom" an' "Indianny" grace:

Bet yer life he's got good breedin' an' he's manly thro' an' thro',

Seems he's simply got the "Buckeye" skinned about a mile er two.

Sence I've lived in Indiany now fer purt nigh forty year,

Why a single thought o' leavin' her brings forth my saddest tear;

An' at last, when death approaches an' I've journeyed o'er life's sea,

May our own dear Indiany be the restin'-place fer me.

J. J. M.

AN AUTUMN REVELATION.

He met her in the summer,
At fashion's watering-place;
She was a gorgeous maiden;
He wasn't in the race.
Perhaps 'twas an ambassador
Who escorted her around,—
At anyrate, for humbler ones,
But little time she found.

But about a month thereafter,
Once again he saw that face;
Was it some master's portrait?
Or on old Venetian vase?
No; nor was it fancy's picture,—
O heart of adamant,—
He saw that princess *waiting*
In a down-town restaurant.

T. D. L.

A Pastel of Gladness.

CHARLES L. O'DONNELL, '05.

It is a pretty studio, half Bohemian in its make-up. Three candles fixed in quaint candelabrum of twisted gold dimly illuminate the curious apartments, while the moonlight, falling through the long windows on one side of the room, makes narrow bars of silver across the dark, heavy carpet. Here and there the beams striking the walls disclose the hiding-place of little gem-like pictures, odd bric-à-brac and coats-of-mail bearing grotesque, Chinese-like symbols. In one corner, bathed in the full moonlight admitted by a broad French window, a coat of armor stands, formidable, glittering, like Neptune just risen from his morning dip in the brine. The room is full of shadows, hence suggestions; in a massive, wide-armed chair drawn up by the window an old man is sitting; his hair is white, but his face calm and placid in the moonlight. With half-open eyes he gazes dreamily out at the perfect sky; the stars are countless, the moon pellucid.

The wind is stirring; the branches of the trees inces-antly weave a lattice-work of shadows on the white gravel walk. It is the south wind, full of hope, full of promise; it carries the roar of the distant tumultuous sea, but the sound is softened and soothing.

The old man sits long gazing out the window mildly delighted with the midnight view and with the murmuring of the winds in the trees. His thoughts, however, are not directly centred on the things outside.

Meditatively he rises, takes a candle from its quaint holder, and goes over to a corner of the room. Holding the light above his head, he throws back the covering from a tall easel; a face peers at him out of the darkness; an image of his own creation, the child of his fancy, living before him. Living, for throughout those long days and long nights of patient toiling has he not breathed his soul into those parted lips?

With awe, with satisfaction and spiritual joy he gazes on his realized, perfected dream. His reward is that he knows he has given out the best that is in him. Reverently covering the picture, he goes back to his big chair. He does not wish to sleep. One by one the stars drop out; he sits softly humming a little hymn of his childhood days.

NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC

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The Board of Editors.

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—Notre Dame was specially honored on March 17. Our beloved Bishop, Right Rev. Dr. Alerding of Fort Wayne, accompanied by Rev. L. Muensch of Mishawaka, made an informal visit and spent the greater part of the day at the University. His presence with the Faculty in Brownson Hall refectory at dinner, and later at the entertainment in Washington Hall, evoked hearty demonstrations of welcome from the students. Busy as he is with his episcopal duties he always finds it a pleasure to be with the Faculty and students of Notre Dame. His coming made all happier, and we hope to see him oftener in the future.

—The feast of St. Joseph, Patron of the Universal Church and chosen particularly by the Brothers of the Holy Cross as their model and intercessor, was, for this twofold reason, celebrated most solemnly at Notre Dame on Thursday last. The services were begun with High Mass offered up by Father Connor who was assisted by Fathers Regan and Corbett. The sermon was preached by Father Cavanaugh who spoke of the humility, purity, and obedience of St. Joseph whom he regarded as the nearest approach to the perfect man. We hope that sermon has not been lost on the students. Surely one appointed by God as the guardian of the Blessed Virgin and the foster-father of Jesus is not unworthy of our imitation.

Macbeth.

After attending Mass on St. Patrick's Day and listening to an appropriate sermon by Father Hennessy, the students looked forward with interest to the customary Shaksperian play presented by the University Dramatic Society in Washington Hall in the afternoon. The production this year was Macbeth, and Professor Dickson and the members of the cast well deserved the compliments which they received from the audience.

Macbeth, while one of Shakspeare's greatest tragedies, is one of his most difficult pieces to stage. Owing to the depth of the lines and the scenic necessities of Macbeth, the manner in which Professor Dickson overcame the limitations placed upon him and his company of players is the more to be commended.

The work of the three *Witches* and the frequent use of modern stage effects, the absence of the ranting and mouthing too frequently practised by amateurs, and the sensible and natural manner of acting by those taking the principal parts, form the pleasantest impressions of the students' production of Macbeth.

Notre Dame has some talented young men in the histrionic line. The past work of Mr. William Wimberg and Mr. Louis Wagner was fully sustained in their respective characters of *Macbeth* and *Lady Macbeth*. They fully justified expectations. These young men have had considerable experience in vastly different parts for several years, and may be called the veterans among the amateurs of Notre Dame.

Mr. Earl Doyle took the part of *Duncan* naturally and creditably; and *Duncan's* sons *Malcolm* and *Donalbain* were carefully interpreted by Mr. G. E. Gormley and Mr. B. S. Fahey. Mr. W. M. Wimberg and Mr. W. J. Jamieson assumed the rôles of *Macbeth* and *Banquo* and studiously read their lines. In the murder scene Mr. Wimberg struck the true tone with an ability and sureness of treatment that seldom is seen on an amateur stage. His manner of acting at his meeting with the *Witches* and his dialogues with *Lady Macbeth* were remarkably well sustained and natural throughout. Mr. Jamieson suited his character in looks and actions and is one of the most promising of the later student actors. His appearance at the Banquet scene and *Macbeth's* fit of madness which resulted were intelligently treated.



GROUP OF STUDENT PLAYERS IN MACBETH.

Lady Macbeth, one of the strongest and most heartless of women, was given natural treatment by Mr. Wagner. Considering the limitations under which he worked, Louis Wagner deserves great credit. He has an excellent stage manner, sufficient confidence in himself, and had carefully mastered his lines.

Macduff and *Rosse* were taken by Mr. R. J. Sweeny and Mr. Hugh B. MacCauley. Mr. Sweeny in form and face was suited to his part and he acted with naturalness and a pleasing reserve.

The *Doctor*, Mr. W. E. Collier, the *Drunken Porter*, Mr. C. E. Rush, and the *Bleeding Soldier*, as given by Mr. R. E. Lynch—all deserve a word of commendation. And among the supporting players, the three *Witches* are the

lence of the University Orchestra. The cast and the musical programme follow:

MACBETH.

PRESENTED BY THE

STUDENTS OF ELOCUTION AND ORATORY

Under the Direction of Prof. Henry Dickson)

Persons Represented

Duncan, King of Scotland	Earle Doyle
Malcolm	G. E. Gormley
Donalbain	B. S. Fahey
Macbeth	W. Wimberg
Banquo	W. Jamieson
Macduff	Robert J. Sweeny
Rosse	H. P. MacCauley
Fleance, Son of Banquo	W. J. Donahue
Seyton, an Officer attending Macbeth	F. N. Zerhusen
A Doctor	W. E. Collier
Drunken Porter	C. E. Rush
Bleeding Soldier	R. E. Lynch
Gentleman	C. A. Gorman



MACBETH AND THE WITCHES.

more deserving of mention. They were excellently trained and excellently made up, and their reappearance at the murder of *Duncan* was an effective innovation. Mr. F. J. Barry, Mr. A. J. Dwan, and Mr. C. Kennedy took the *Witches'* part. Mr. Kennedy's voice and acting were especially well suited to his part. The electricians and scene shifters did their quota of work, and the men behind the guns should not be forgotten. All the other supporting players also did their full share in making the production of *Macbeth* a success, and consequently are sharers in the honors due the University Dramatic Society.

The music was especially good. Each number was roundly applauded, and Mr. Petersen should be accredited for the excel-

First Murderer	O. F. Scott
Second Murderer	C. E. Rush
First Witch	F. J. Barry
Second Witch	A. J. Dwan
Third Witch	C. Kennedy
First Apparition (An Armed Head)	F. X. Zerhusen
Second Apparition (Blood-Stained Child)	G. M. Farrell
Third Apparition (Crowned Child)	Marshal Rudolph
Lady Macbeth	L. E. Wagner
Lord, Gentlemen, Officers, Soldiers, Murderers	
Attendants, Messengers, Several Apparitions.	

MUSICAL NUMBERS

NOTRE DAME UNIVERSITY ORCHESTRA

"Jacinta," Selection	Tobani
"The Storks," Fantasy	Chopin
Selection, "The Burgomaster"	Anderson
Selection, "A Gaiety Girl"	Schlepcgrell
"The Sultan of Zulu"	Anderson
Kaiserjager March	Eilenberg
	F. F. D.

Last Saturday's Debate.

The trial to determine the debating team which will contest with Oberlin College at Oberlin, Ohio, April 11, and also to decide the distribution of the Studebaker Debating Prize, was held in Washington Hall last Saturday evening. The question for discussion, the same as will be debated at Oberlin, was: "Resolved, that the United States should not retain permanent control of the Philippines." Messrs. Patrick W. O'Grady, Gallitzen A. Farabaugh, and Maurice Griffin upheld the affirmative, while Messrs. William A. Bolger, Byron V. Kanaley, and Francis J. Barry defended the negative side of the question. The judges were Hon. Timothy E. Howard, South Bend, Ind.; Hon. Benjamin F. Shively, South Bend, Ind.; and Hon. Benjamin F. Deahl, Goshen, Ind. Col. Hoynes, the genial dean of the Law Department, acted as Moderator. The final decision of the judges was in favor of Byron V. Kanaley for first place, Gallitzen A. Farabaugh, second, and Maurice Griffin, third, with Patrick O'Grady, alternate.

The debate was one of the most spirited ever held in Washington Hall, and it was not until several minutes after the last speaker had finished, and only after a great deal of suspense that the fortunate ones were decided upon. Six men more evenly matched have never contested for like honors at Notre Dame before. Unusual interest was centred in the contest because of the large number that had been in the preliminaries. At the time that the first preliminary began, a little over two months ago, there were forty-eight candidates on the list, the largest ever entered. The work done during these preliminaries was marvelous, and speaks volumes for the zeal and earnestness of those who debated last Saturday night.

All of the trials were hard fought. Preliminaries, semifinals and finals were attended by the students as never before, and everyone manifested unbounded interest in the outcome. Those that lost should not feel humiliated because of their defeat. In the glory which the team may win they will have a share. The three gentlemen who lost out last Saturday deserve unstinted praise for their gallant fight. They compelled the winners to work and work hard to win the coveted places; and if Notre Dame win from Oberlin it will be because of the invaluable assistance given by these and

also the others who fell in the preliminaries.

Mr. Kanaley, the winner, needs no introduction to SCHOLASTIC readers. For the past three years he has helped to bring victory to Notre Dame in intellectual contests, and last year led the team that defeated Butler College. He has a pleasing, ringing voice, forceful delivery, and such a convincing way about him that he can not fail to create a good impression. No better man could be chosen to marshal Notre Dame's forces. His team-mate, G. A. Farabaugh, while this is his first year on the team, has a well-earned reputation about the University as a clever debater and orator. Last year he made a strong bid for the team, and it was only in the finals that he was dropped. Like his captain he has very forceful delivery. His rebuttal speech last Wednesday surpassed all his previous efforts.

The third member of the team, Mr. Griffin, is a new man in debating circles at Notre Dame. He is an argumentative speaker, and has such a thoroughly earnest manner that he seldom fails to win his hearers.

Mr. O'Grady, the alternate, made a decided hit with the audience by his clever way of stating his ideas, and by his cool, deliberate manner. He has an excellent flow of words, and his arguments were clean-cut and to the point. He could ably fill the place of any of the three winners.

The manner of conducting the debate, it might be mentioned, was a departure from the custom of former years. Instead of having all the rebuttal work done by one man of each side, every speaker was allowed five minutes for this work. Ten minutes were given each man for the main work of the debate. There was no team work on either side, and the contest was decided solely on the abilities and merits of each man.

Gentlemen of the team, we congratulate you. You have undergone many sacrifices in order to have the honor of representing Notre Dame in the intellectual field, and now that you have won, we hope you will enjoy the fruits of success by defeating Oberlin. It will be a hard task, and in order to do it you must work harder than ever. You have many disadvantages to overcome and you will be away from home. But always bear in mind the fact that the students are with you heart and soul, and win or lose they will accord you on your return the royal welcome which your efforts deserve.

J. P. O'REILLY, '05.

Books and Magazines.

THE UNRAVELLING OF A TANGLE. By Marion Ames Taggart. Benziger Bros., New York, Cincinnati, Chicago. \$1.25.

In the first chapter the heroine goes to France to claim an inheritance left her by a long-forgotten uncle; on board ship she meets the hero, and the inevitable results follow. While the plot is hardly new and certainly not profoundly puzzling, yet the story is written in a style that is generally clear and entertaining. If the young must have fiction let us give them the wholesome kind that our own Catholic writers turn out. The make-up of this volume is pretty, and typographical errors are but occasional.

The March *Cosmopolitan* contains matter that profitably repays the reading. The articles are well selected and cover a variety of timely subjects.

"Beauty in the Modern Chorus" is a carefully prepared discussion on the toils and sacrifices a young actress must endure in order to achieve any measure of success. The converse of the well-known dictum: "All the world's a stage and all the men and women merely players" is held to be true. The stage is a world in itself and has its different types of human nature as distinct as we meet in the outside world. There are two principal kinds of actresses pointed out in this stage planet, those who have ambition but lack the energy, and those who have energy and ambition combined. One class wishes to reach the height of fame, but in the journey is distracted from the purpose by flatteries and fetes by the way. The other class not only wishes but wills and never loses sight of the distant peak. The ascent is hard and thorny, and when finally the summit is attained much of the glamour has fled. What a parallel this is to real life! Success is always great as long as it is unconquered, but glory achieved is too often glory without a halo. Some useful hints are also given the student of elocution, and the modern methods of schools in this branch of art are carefully analyzed.

An interesting study of the "Police Systems of Europe" furnishes information of an important nature in another line. The writer, Avery D. Andrews, has made careful investigations of all the most efficient police systems of Europe, and is at present giving attention to the reorganization of the New York police.

"The Woman of Fifty," by Mrs. Wilson Woodrow, can not fail to be of interest to the woman readers of the magazine. The writer argues that woman's beauty is not so fleeting as is usually supposed, that the mellow ripeness of middle age has an Indian-summer delightfulness which is more attractive than the sylph-like movement and pretty grimace of the coy maiden of sixteen. The woman of fifty, besides, possesses a breadth and depth of thought that has no counterpart in earlier years.

The essays on history, art, and sociology contribute to give the magazine recognition in the atmosphere of thought and culture, while the fiction makes its pages attractive to the popular mind.

F. J. B.

Athletic Notes.

The Big Free-for-all Meet, gotten up to give our new Coach, Mr. Holland, an opportunity of judging the ability of each man and also to awaken interest in track athletics, was held Thursday afternoon indoors, and was a decided success. There was no phenomenal time made in any of the runs, but this was not to be expected as the men have been doing but little work lately. From now on, however, they will be under Holland's care, and if there is any speed or skill in them they may be sure it will be discovered by him before long. The best individual work of the meet was done by Draper. He entered seven events, securing places in each one and gaining a total of 27 points. Davey also did good individual work, especially in the dashes and the 440. Walter Daly ran well in the half perhaps better than ever before, and also pulled down the mile run easily. All the dashes and runs were well contested, but in the field events the work on the whole was very mediocre. Coach Holland expressed himself as satisfied with the work done.

SUMMARIES:
 40-yard dash—Draper and Davey, tie for first; Silver, third. Time, 4 4-5.
 40-yard low hurdles—Draper, first; Davitt, second; Hoover, third. Time, 5 2-5.
 40-yard high hurdles—Draper, first; Davitt, second; D. O'Connor, third. Time, 5 3-5.
 220-yard dash—Davey, first; Silver, second; Dougherty, third. Time, :24.
 440-yard run—Davey, first; Rayneri, second; Medley, third. Time, :55 3-5.
 880-yard run—Daly, first; Sweeny, second; Keefe, third. Time, 2:10.

Mile run—Daly, first; Doyle, second; Wagner, third. Time, 4:59.

2-mile run—Zeigler, first; Doran, second; Rapier, third. Time, 11:20.

Shot Put—Draper, first; McCullough, second; D. O'Connor, third. 41 feet 2 inches.

Pole Vault—Carey, first; Dwan, second; Draper, third. 9 feet.

High Jump—Draper and Medley, tie for first; Carey, third. 5 feet 6 inches.

Broad Jump—Davey, first; Draper, second; Medley, third. 20 feet 2 inches.

Relay Race (Carroll vs. South Bend High School) won by Carroll on foul.

Manager Daly has arranged a series of games with South Bend, same to be played immediately after the Toledo games. The Toledo team will be here on March 25.

All those desiring to insert athletic news in these columns will please hand in same not later than Thursday of each week.

No material changes have been made in the baseball squad the past week. The men are rapidly rounding into form by outdoor practice, and it will not be long before Coach Lynch has a good line on them.

J. Fred Powers, Captain of the Varsity track in 1900 and all-around amateur champion of America in 1900, has been a guest of the University for the past week. Powers arrived here with Coach Holland who is a personal friend of his, and will remain for some time to assist him. He was largely instrumental in securing Holland to coach, and he is loud in his praises of him.

Coach T. E. Holland arrived from Worcester, Mass., last Monday morning, and immediately assumed control of the track men. In the afternoon he gave the candidates a few minutes' lecture in which he cautioned them against carelessness and neglect of training. He emphasized the fact that from now on he expects them to settle down to good, earnest work, and declared if there were any among the squad who were likely to shirk their work if the opportunity presented itself, they had best drop off at once and save him the trouble of putting them off. The new Coach is a firm believer that the principle, "In order to succeed at anything you must work hard to perfect yourself in that thing," will hold true for athletes as well as for anybody else. Besides, his own experience has taught him

this. He is a man of action, and that he will succeed with his new charges we have not the least doubt. He has an enviable reputation in the East, and we are sure he will add to it here if he is only given the support of the men under him. The SCHOLASTIC wishes Mr. Holland every success and calls upon the track candidates to assist him in every manner possible.

By a score of 16 to 11 St. Edward's Hall defeated Carroll Hall in the first Inter-Hall baseball game of the season. A second game was played last Sunday. Seldom has a contest so early in the season excited such enthusiasm. Carroll Hall was determined to win. The honor of the Hall was at stake, and consequently all the Carrollites were present to "root" their team to victory. The unexpected happened: the Minims won easily by a score of 22 to 14. The result was all the more remarkable and surprising since the Carroll Hall team was composed of such good players as Randle, Donahue, Berteling, Shannon, Hearn, Beers, Purdy, Breenan and O'Connor.

St. Edward's Hall has a great team, and undoubtedly they will succeed in defeating the third team of Carroll Hall—something never before attempted by the Minims.

All Brownsonites who have had experience in rowing will please hand in their names to Captain Rush some time before to-morrow afternoon.

The Sorin and Corby baseball teams will be organized this week. As soon as they elect managers an Inter-Hall schedule will be arranged.

The tennis enthusiasts held a meeting last Wednesday evening and organized a club with the following officers: L. Dwan, President; A. Funk, Vice-President; C. Quinn, Secretary; G. Ziebold, Treasurer. A committee, composed of Messrs. J. Stick, S. Hunt and P. DeLone, was appointed to look up a suitable location for a court. A tournament in which prizes will be given will be held the latter part of May, and a little later a banquet will be given by the members of the club. The membership this year promises to be the largest in the history of the sport at the University, and all are enthusiastic over the outlook. Those wishing to join are requested to hand in their names to the Secretary, Clement Quinn.

Personals.

—Mr. Kennedy, of Chicago, recently visited his son Clarence of Brownson Hall.

—Mrs. George Milburn Studebaker of Tippecanoe Place, paid a short visit to the University on Thursday.

—Mr. R. Valentine, banker, of Mason, Iowa, has visited the University during the week and entered his son Howard, as a student of Brownson Hall.

—Mrs. Eustace of Chicago, Ill.; Mrs. Roberts of Wilmington, Ill.; Mrs. Wiley and daughter of Portland, Ore.; Mrs. Golly of Lima, Ohio, were recent guests of Notre Dame.

—During the past week, Mr. and Mrs. P. J. Kasper of Evanston, Ill., were the welcome guests of the University. Their sons and numerous friends at Notre Dame were glad to see them.

—J. Fred Powers, our former great all-around athlete, champion of North America, who is now Coach at Holy Cross College, Worcester, Mass., was a welcome visitor during the past week. His many friends hope good fortune may long continue to be his.

—Mr. Thomas Harley of Dowagiac, Mich., and a student here in the early '70's, paid a flying visit to Bro. Hugh and Assistant Manager, H. J. McGlew, last week. Mr. Harley is very much interested in the Notre Dame summer resort at Sister Lakes, Mich., and last summer he successfully managed the Minstrel Show put on by the students at the Lakes. The Sister Lakes' crowd were delighted to receive this visit from Mr. Harley and were disappointed that it was so brief.

—Attorney George N. B. Collins died to-day as the indirect result of a hold-up in Chicago. He was a native of Chicago and a graduate from the law department of the University of Notre Dame. Mr. Collins was 65 years old. About five years ago he was sandbagged in Chicago, and his injuries finally undermined his reason. His illness baffled his physicians.—*Record-Herald*. (March 18).

The SCHOLASTIC and friends at Notre Dame sympathize with the friends and family of the deceased.

—We take pleasure in noting that Mr. Joseph Kenny of Richmond, Ind., a former student of Notre Dame, led the Earlham College Debating Team to victory, over Butler recently. Earlham successfully upheld the affirmative of the question, "Resolved that our laws should provide for boards of arbitration with power to compel parties to labor disputes to submit their disputes to arbitration, and to abide by the decision of the board." Mr. Kenny won the Breen medal for oratory here in 1901, and represented Earlham at the State Intercollegiate in 1902, winning first place.

Local Items.

—We remark with much pleasure the new addition to the pictures of the American hierarchy which adorn the corridors of the University. This latest picture is that of the venerable and learned Bishop McQuaid who charmed us with his eloquence on the occasion of his visit some months ago. The donor is the Very Reverend Thomas Hickey, V. G. of Rochester, to whom we offer our sincere thanks.

—Two important meetings of the senior class were held during the week. The feature of the first, which was held Sunday evening March 15, was a long and eloquent address by Mr. Lynch in which he ably discussed a topic which has been much mooted of late among class members. As a result of these remarks several important measures were adopted. A committee, consisting of President Crumley, Mr. Wurzer and Mr. Gorman, was chosen to procure and submit estimates for the class banquet. There was an adjournment then until Thursday evening, March 19, when, after the regular business had been disposed of, the meeting was brought to a close with an itemized report by Treasurer O'Malley.

—A great deal of interest and enthusiasm characterized the trial of the State of Indiana vs. Mrs. Lulu Miller Young, the hearing of which was conducted in Moot-Court under presidency of the Hon. William Hoynes. The facts in the case were briefly as follows: On the morning of Nov. 19, 1902, Mrs. Lulu Miller Young, wife of Frank E. Young, stabbed and killed Miss Florence E. MacFarland at her home on Hill Street in the City of South Bend, Ind. It appears that Young and his wife, at various times, had quarreled over Young's attention to Miss MacFarland. Failing in her efforts to keep them separated and apparently frenzied with jealousy, Mrs. Young knocked at the door of the Savoy House on the eventful morning. She was greeted by Miss MacFarland who was boarding with Mrs. Savoy. A few moments later the occupants of the house were startled by a shriek; the next instant Miss MacFarland ran screaming into the kitchen pursued by her assailant, Mrs. Young, who overtook her victim, stabbing and killing her.

The attorneys for the State were F. P. Burke and Emmett Proctor. The accused—represented by H. H. Davitt and W. P. Higgins—rested her defence upon a plea of insanity. The following gentlemen who acted as jury—Messrs. Clark, Quinlan, Fack, Fensler, Cleary, Hoover—deserve much credit and the thanks of the court for the interest and attention they devoted to the entire case. The jury brought in a verdict of murder in the second degree.